

**The soldier's offering. By a maimed soldier. [n. p. c. 1864].**

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Dup 5th 1864 28296

THE SOLDIER'S Offering.

BY A Maimed SOLDIER.

A Copy to Each Purchaser of the Book.

Come all ye young and handsome belles, Maids and mothers, and matrons too, Come and listen to my story, And I'll tell you what to do.

I am an honest "Soldier boy," Whose service is all o'er, I have fought for my loved country, And have bled at every pore.

When traitors this, our Government, Sought to subvert and overthrow, I enlisted in the army To battle against the foe.

I have met him in fierce battle, On many a well-fought field, Grappling with him in death's struggle, Determined not to yield.

Our glorious Government, The inheritance of wise sages, I have battled to uphold, And transmit to future ages.

When the hostile foe and savage Your houses sought to invade, I, with a band of brothers, Hastened to your aid.

By dint of weary marches, By day and oft by night, And the fiercest, hottest fighting, We put the foe to flight.

Through hardships and through trials, Which no human tongue can tell, We have saved your homes and firesides, And done it very well.

While the proud and haughty Southron In hostile arms doth stand, We had determined not to waver, *Nor yield one inch of land,*

But with firm, heroic courage, And unflinching fortitude, To battle in the cause of right *Till the last foe is subdued;*

Till the exultant voice of freedom Ascends from church and hall, And the glorious flag of our Union  
*Waves triumphant over all.*

With this intention I enlisted To fight the bloody issue through, But by misfortunes, thick and many, I  
am sorely crippled now.

By a luckless rebel shot, By stroke of saber or bayonet, I, for further active service, Am now no longer  
fit.

With constitution torn and shattered, Limbs unsound, or amputated, The "Soldier-boy" he still must  
five, And, in part, be compensated.

So ladies now, all fair and true, Come listen to my story, And I'll tell you what to do That will add  
much to your glory.

Buy a book of the "Soldier-boy," "The House-keeper's Guide," they call it, And I'm sure you never will  
Have a reason to regret it.

It will teach you all the secrets Of domestic arts and uses; How to make the most of little, And to  
correct all gross abuses.

It will teach you the rules of health, How to keep disease at bay, The laws of nature to observe— No  
more doctor's bills to pay.

It will teach you how to cook, To make jellies, preserves and jams; How to make relishes and pickles,  
To preserve your eggs and hams.

It will teach you how to color All your dresses, shawls and stockings, How to make your soaps and  
fluids, How to rightly do your washings.

'Twill save you many a dollar, Many pains and much vexation; So buy a book of the "Soldier-boy,"  
Who has served his land and nation.

'Twill make his wife and children happy, And make their faces gleam with joy; Then ladies old, and  
young, and fair, Buy a book of the "Soldier-boy."

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Smith & Swinney, in the Clerk's Office of  
the District Court of the United States, in and for the Southern District of Ohio.

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Come all ye young and handsome belles, Maids and mothers, noble and true; Come and listen to my story, And I'll tell you what to do.

I am an honest "Soldier-boy," Whose service is all o'er; I have fought for my country, And have bled from every pore.

When traitors this, our Government, Sought to subvert and overthrow, I enlisted in the service To battle against the foe.

I have met him in fierce battle, On many a well-fought field; And have grappled in death's struggle, Determined not to yield.

When the hostile foe and savage Your firesides sought to invade, I, with a noble band of brothers, Gallantly hastened to your aid.

Through hardships and through perils, Which no human tongue can tell, We have saved your homes and firesides, And have done it very well.

While the proud and haughty foeman In fierce array doth stand, We'd determined not to flinch, *Nor yield one inch of land,*

But with firm, heroic courage, And unyielding fortitude, To battle in the cause of right *Till the last armed foe's subdued;*

Till the Godless rebel tyrant Is put to flight or overthrown; Till every inch of rebel soil Is restored to the nation's own;

Till the prestige of the nation Is restored from shore to shore; Till the monster of rebellion Is subdued forevermore;

Till the exultant voice of freedom Ascends from every church and hall, And the glorious flag of Union Waves triumphant over all;

Till the States of National Union ' *Come one vast and mighty power, 'Fore whose scepter kings shall tremble, Empires quake, and tyrants cower;*

Till Freedom's star, brightly shining, Rising high above the nation, Sheds its luster far and wide O'er the powers of creation.

With this intention I enlisted, To fight the bloody issue through; But by misfortunes, thick and many, I am sorely crippled now.

With constitution torn and shattered, Limbs unsound or amputated, The "Soldier-boy" still must live, And, in part, be compensated.

So, ladies, now, all fair and true, Come and listen to my story, And I'll tell you what to do, That will add much to your glory.

Buy a book of the "Soldier-boy," " **The House-Keeper's Guide** " they call it, And I'm sure you will never Have a reason to regret it.

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'T will save you many a dollar, Many pains and much vexation; So buy a book of the "Soldier-boy," Who has served his land and nation.

'Twill make his wife and children glad, And make their faces gleam with joy, When ladies old, and young, and fair, Buy a book of the "Soldier-boy."

If perchance the "Soldier-boy" The shock of battle doth not survive, Buy a book of his widowed wife, His orphan boy, or lassie child.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Smith & Swinney, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Southern District of Ohio.

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